

Scare me

by PurpleStrawberry14

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Summary: MichaelXOC, Lemons & violence invovled lol, read and reviewXD! Michael so sessy! I had to right this, lemme know what you think!

1. Chapter 1

Ch.1

Welcome to Smith's Grove

**(AN: SOOOOOOOOOOâ€¦..ya â€¦I loved Michael Myersâ€¦far longerâ€¦..and way before I even cared that Jeepers Creepers existedâ€¦..So technically I shoulda wrote a Halloween fic firstâ€¦..welllllll at least I'm doin it now. Hey everyone, whether you know my previous and current work or not, I hope you like this, it's been on my mindâ€¦damn near forever! Review!)**

Disclaimer: I own nothing but my muffin lovin O.C.

Side note: Age frames, Michael is 15, my OC is at the moment 13.

No Ones POV

Seconds blurred into minutes, minutes then contorted to hours as Skye road in the back of the police van, the musty smell of the courtroom and lingering stench of stale donuts from police station on her clothes was the only thing keeping her from thinking this was all some bad ass hell dream.

Though the vivid memories of how she ended up in this damn car, flashed through her mind as if it were yesterdayâ€¦becauseâ€¦shit it was.

The steep speed bump in the road ahead seemed to jostle her back into her stunningly detailed memories.

_FLASHBACK: _

She laid calmly on her bed snuggling into the sheets in a completely chillaxed mode; bobbing her head to the beat of ' My chick Bad by Ludacris' as she read her new copy of Batman, #67, The Redhood. (I have no idea if this is a fact, but all I know is that' Batman and the Redhood 'the movie will forever be my all time favorite XD I LOVE YOU EVIL ROBIN!)

She relished these moments, when she could just lay in bed with a good comic while silence enveloped the world outside of her headphones, it made her feel somewhat at peace.

But sadly she lived in Detroit, things never really were quiet for long, the cherry on top of that gruesomely raw truth had to be her "special "family.

She wasn't complainin though, there were worse things out there then a drugged out kush addicted mammy, and drunk ass step-daddy, at least they fed her, and paid the billsâ€|most of the time.

That's all though, Skye didn't care much about them past the few inevitable lingering feelings, seeing as they were the only parents she had ever known.

She didn't need them past anything but money, she basically matured to the mentality â€|and physicality of someone older allowing her the brains and strength it took to live life and not become some worthless and off herself cuz life gets tough, since the age of 11 she matured quickly, now at 13 she looked to be about 16.

Her skin was a glowing caramel, her dark black hair fell just below her shoulders, her eyes were a pure black that could stop the Boogeyman in his tracks, her body had about the same effect with nearly every male creature in existence, she was thin; full of voluptuous curves and large breasts, her face was gorgeously innocent and sinful in her own beautiful way.

Many people had started taking notice of her nowadays and had been getting cussed the fuck out a lot more nowadays, she was 13 there was no way in hell she was bout to go around fuckin every dude who glanced her way, nor would she take them treating her as a piece of meat, especially a highly drunken Roger(her stepdad) who had currently stumbled into her room hungrily glaring at her from the door way.

She meant is gaze with an annoyed glare of her own, not recognizing the look in his hazel eyes, just taking in his features quickly, light yellowish skin, shaved hair muscular, in dirty clothes that wreaked of malt liquor; a faded snapback at his side.

If she looked reallyâ€|.REALLY hard and pretended his clothes were crispy and his breathe smelled like peppermints, she might have been able to see what her mom had become so infatuated with in the 20 yr old.

Though that was not reality, and she would always wonder what her mother saw in the prick.

' _Heeeh maybe he's gotta bi-'_

She stopped herself not desiring to delve into the horrendous details of her mother's sex life with aâ€|.naked Roger.

She gagged quietly before sitting up.

" _The fuck you want Bastard."_

" _Language dammit Skye now damn, I am your step-daddy and you will respect me, especially considering I've been supporting that drunk sloppy cunt of a mother you got."_

" _Nig- * deep breathe*â€|.., fool do you honestly believe yo dirty wanna be Chris Brown ass can talk about somebody Roger ."_

He growled tripping slightly on his timberland clad feet.

" _Speakin of yo name who in the hell told yo mama to name you Roger-"_

His deep voice that constantly made her skin crawl rose.

" _SKYE!, Look around you right now this is MY room, I paid for this shit, I take care of yo ass as well as yo mama's, I been for the last 9 goddamn years, and you haven't bothered to try and pay me back!"_

His words slurred in his mouth and his breathe hit my nose full force at his attempts of speech, a disgusting tequila and vomit sent invading my personnel bubble.

"_I'm 13 yuck mouth get ya damn facts straight."_

" _Not the point-"_

" _Whatever the point may be, I have no desire to hear it, now run along to the gutter you have long since befriended bastard."_

Her tone was dismissive andâ€|.it pissed him off.

With one mind bending swing Roger easily slapped her 5'4 frame from her bed, sending her flying to the ground gripping her face in shock.

' _Did he just-'_

Her thoughts were interrupted at the sound of a zipper and a rustle of clothes, she looked up fighting to hold down the brownies she had for dinner at the sight.

There he was stripped from the waist down in front of her, motioning hisâ€|..5in dick toward her expectantly.

" _Take it bitch."_

Now you see Roger as well as everyone else who knew Skye, knew that there was certain things you just did not do if you valued your physical and mental health,

Hit herâ€|he did that

Call her a bitchâ€|he did thatâ€|..

A sweet smile laced its way around her full lips as Roger licked his lips in anticipation at the sight.

" _Ok daddy."_

Before he could comprehend what was happening, she had reached over onto her dresser, grasping the large pair of sewing scissors expertly in her skilled hands and snipped off every inch of hisâ€|..' littleâ€|.I mean lit-tle Roger'.

_Never faltering in her movements she slipped the offending appendage into her paper shredder. _

Wincing lightly at Rogers screams of pain and anguish as he lay huddled on the floor gripping at which was not there.

She gazed at him, completely calm.

" _Your fault, ain't nobody ask you to attempt child molestation."_

3 hours of cop sirens and a speedy trial later, she found herself in Illinois, having been sentenced to live out her days at Smiths Grove Sanitarium till she was old enough to, understand her actions and live as a civilized citizen (aka- till she was 18).

She didn't see why she was here, all she did was defend herself, sure she may have taken it a little far, but he'd hit her, called her a bitch for Emmett Cullens sake and tried to shove his barely there dick down her throat; she may not have ever seen a dick before but common sense told her that his pecker wasn't anything to worry about, anyways the point was everything he did was a big no no and he's not even getting a slap on the wrist, well at least he won't be doin that to any more girls.

But now as the sirens stopped and the two police man hefted her out of the vehicle, she realized two things, one no one saw the situation the way she did; she was the crazy personâ€|..well shes always been coco for cocoa puffs but she was in the right this time, and two she was soooooo suein some motherfucker for this when she was 18.

The police men passed her along to another, a young male nurse this time, she guessed no more than 17 with light blond hair and blue eyes, he was tall, and muscular; his strong jaw seemingly made all of his gorgeous features even more intense, in the light of the stars as they proceeded up the stairs to the front door.

She stared at him longer than she had intended catching his attention, creating a smile that made her damn knees weak across his full perfect lips.

" Hey beautiful, welcome to Smiths Grove."

He heart fluttered a little, knowing she had a crush on him, as they slid through the revolving doors.

' Maybe it won't be so bad here after all, I think I've already hired my own temporary eye candyâ€¦..you know, until I get my posters of Emmett back.'

As he lead her into the sterility of the hospital she walked with him past what looked to the cafeteria, seeing a figure there in a covering over his face that was hard to make out from the distance she wasâ€¦..quietly sneaking away from the male nurse ' Mark' as it had said on his name tag.

She confirmed her suspicion stepping into the cafeteria until she was a mere foot away from him; he was wearing a mask, studying his mask, quickly before Mark noticed her absence from his side.

Reaching forward she tapped one tiny blank spot on his otherwise completely blue mask of paper Mache just above his brow before he could react to the sudden surprise; saying in her missed a spot with a gleam in her eyes that was uniquely her before scampering away until she found mark returning to his side.

(AN: In case any of you don't know, as soon as I get 3 reviews you are guaranteed a new chapter within two days, if don't meet this guarantee, even if I miss it by a minute you will get an instant 2 new chapters XD no lie it's my new policy for all my stories)

2. 2 weeks in and not one damn friend!

Ch.2

2 weeks in and not one damn friend!

(AN: HEEYY OMG that was unexpected, so many reviews and favs and follows â€¦..omg y'all gone make me cry! A huge mega-tronic thank you to all of you who gave this story the time of day; GachaGachaGirl(she my biscuit XD), the ever supportive Lady Augustin, RKF22, catgirl, Sassil5, and the lovely Taker'sJadeCalaway!...ps I'm soooooo sorry for the long waitâ€¦..imma lazy little bastard â€¦..yesssss I know I owe yall another chapter , but here's one for the time being, I'll post the bonus one later today :D, REVIEW PLEASE!)

Disclaimer: I own nothing â€¦.. NOTHING â€¦..but my OC --

No One's POV

The last two weeks seemed to fly by for Skye, Mark was great, her room was warm and she had managed to avoid all forms of human contact with anyone â€¦..except mild conversation with her eye candy.

The people at the hospital hadn't even made her go to lunch with the other chicks yet, â€¦..for now at least, she vaguely remembered Mark mentioning something about her having had enough time to adjust to her new surrounding by now.

She knew eventually she would have to fall into the usual routine with the other patients.

But she wasn't exactly sure when she would be falling into sink with themâ€¦..seeing as that her mind had been a little too preoccupied to

focus lately.

The weather outside had started warming up now as spring rolled in, and Mark had taken to wearing shorter sleeves and tighter shirts much to the distress of her teenage hormones, he seemed to love showing off more of those spine tingling muscles all over his bodyâ€|you couldn't get any sense outta that woman when he was around nowadays.

So now as he entered her room in his baby blue fitted barely there male nurse shirt, she was unable to comprehend herself gently being lead out of her room toward the cafeteria she had seen the masked dude a few weeks agoâ€|.he really peaked her interest so to speak â€|so much she went to bed every night the last weeks thinking about him, him and that one blank spot on his perfect masked visage.

Though any thoughts of who or what the masked figure was soon vacated the premises of her conscious as Marks hand slowly slid down the curve of her back and that dashing smile played across his lips making her heart flutter and a quiver rattle her tummy.

"How do you feel about us going for a ride tonight beautiful?"

"I feel under aged,â€|..besides I'm a patient, I'm not allowed to leave the premises."

The chuckle that emanated from him, was dark and sent a chill down her spine as he leaned in breathing hotly down the exposed skin of her neck.

"I won't tell sexy."

She squeaked as he nudged her through the door of the cafeteria; staring hungrily at her ass as she stumbled in.

'_What the hell â€|.I think I need new eye candyâ€|..preferably non-cradle robber eye candy.'_

She looked up from her thoughts, cursing loudly as she damn near had a heart attack, finally calming to an extent she found 4 bouncy blond patients mere centimeters from her face smiling brightly.

The tallest stepped up closer.

"HI, I'm Mindy â€"

She quickly, motioned to the others beside her.

"- this is Minnie, Lizzie and Carmen, were patients here at Smithy's."

'_No dip Sherlock-ets.'_

"Really what a coincidence so am I, well it was nice meetin you."

Skye turned to head back toward a lone table at the far left of the cafeteria floor, nearly completely out of sight. It looked oddly peaceful, besides she never did get along with ditsy, preppy chicks

too much.

It wasn't a major hate or anything, just that when you're raised in two different lifestyles with different beliefs and cultural customs, it tends to be difficult to get along with the other group most times.

Mindy caught Skye's wrist in her small dainty hands smiling and giggling like they had been the best of friends for years before this.

"Wait silly you never told us your name."

"Skye."

They all seemed to gush at the word pouting girlishly as they all went on and on about how cute it was. '_Dear lord these are not my kinda chicks, whatever happened to the girls who played with video games instead of make-up as little girls?_'

"OMG like that is soooo pretty!"

The strawberry blond on Mindy's right stepped forward slightly giggling with a mischievous glint in her traditionally brown eyes.

"I bet Michael would just loooove it."

'_Who the fudge is Michael?_'

"Who's Michael?"

They all gawked at Skye's confused expression, seemingly unable to comprehend the meaning of her sentence, she sighed preparing to use smaller words for the bottle blondies but was cut off.

"Hush that pretty little mouth of yours, you are like in major need of this information chickadee-"

'_Oh lord here we go._'

"â€" ok so like 11 yrs ago this boy, Michael Myers dressed up as this beyond cute little clown on Halloween and stabbed his sister to death, as soon as she got done fuckin her boy toy, his mother was a stripper and had to work that night so it was up to his sissy to take him trick-or-treating, and when she didn't he stabbed her to death with a big kitchen knife, HE WAS ONLY SIX!."

"â€|.ok then-"

'_Note to self, ALWAYS take my possible future kids trick-or-treating._'

"He lives here now, he's aboutâ€|fifteen and the finest piece of sexy I've ever had, with those strong rippling biceps and muscular legs, just perfect for-."

"Whooooa now lady, virgin ears you're talkin to, I don't wanna hear about yo sexual escapades!"

"Oh it's not just some escapade, * Insert childish giggle* he's our boyfriend."

Skye watched wide-eyed as she motioned to herself and what she had presumed to be her minions.

'_Stockholm's syndrome anyone.'_

Without any further ado, Skye quickly side stepped the Paris Hiltons from hell and headed toward the beautifully lone table in the back.

However she hadn't noticed that the once unoccupied table was now occupied by her masked query.

He slowly came into her vision as she approached, still dawning that deep blue mask, her eyes immediately roving to the one blank spot.

She quickly skipped over to the table with renewed vigor filling her form as she plopped down in front of him.

"Hey lil boe."

(AN: Not as long as the first chapter, but ehhehhh I did my best, REVIEW!)

3. Crush

Ch.3

Crushâ€¦

(AN: HEEY SOOO SORRY HONEY'S, I was havin internet issues, thus the late bonus update , well onto better news, A super retro afro-havin diva thank you to (the ever temperamental)GachaGachaGirl, the super sweet Silence of Anonymity, the ever loud lol Taker'sJadeCalaway and the awesome RKF22 XD)

****Disclaimer:** I own some Pop-tarts that been in my book bag sinceâ€¦the dawn of time, but I don't own Mikey or anythin in reference to him or Halloweenâ€¦..well..I do got some old Candy corn from the year the first movie was releasedâ€¦. T-T **

****Michaels POV****

I sat there stoic at the lone table in the far back, at my self-proclaimed seat.

It didn't matter to anyone if I claimed it, other than me anyway, it wasn't like anyone else wanted it, it was a large table, much bigger than any of cliques here at Smiths Grove could hope to fill.

Even if they had wanted, they couldn't have it; now it was mine, my sanctuary.

It's sad when you think about it; the only thing I had that could come close to bringing me some small form of happiness was a long sterile table with various profanities marring its surface.

Never the less it was peaceful; mine, my own, completely to myself, a true realm of calm.

"Hey lil boe."

'_What the-'_

****No Ones POV****

The girl in front of Michael was smiling brightly at him flashing small canines, a sight he was shocked to, though in entirely no mood to see.

Things like this always happened, day after day, night after night; girls, begging â€¦pleading with him toâ€¦_make a woman out of them._

He resisted the urge to puke up what little food he had consumed; tightening his jaw in disgust.

He would NEVER do that. What they wantedâ€¦sex, the same thing Judith did, the same thing men wanted and often paid for from his mother.

Rage filled his rather imposing form compared to the girls, as he glared daggers into the female; ready to plunge his fork through her chest into her still beating heart.

"You know you're very predictable."

Skye wasn't an idiot she knew that she was in an insane asylum; meaning everyone is a threat. She had saw Michaels hand twitch and grip his fork with strength that could no doubt crush marble, so it only seemed fit for her to pick up the knife on his tray and meet his thrust; clashing the two utensils together.

Aint no other way too really put itâ€¦the 15 year old premature psychopath was surprisedâ€¦.no that was an understatement, fool was straight upâ€¦flabbergasted.

All of the other girls he'd encountered before would have been dead; or in the very rare occasion merely injuredâ€¦.or at least ran or screamed by now.

"You don't talk much do you?"

His eyes widened at the calmness of her voice, she seemed to be completely un-phased by his attempt of murder â€¦against her no less.

But that all didn't seem to matter as she sat the knife back in place on his tray and propped her head up on the heels of her palms; swaying slightly as the silence thickened.

"â€¦..ok, so I take it you're the silent typeâ€¦.., no problem, I'll just tell ya a little bout me."

His eyes floated up to look at the face of the; insanely bold (no pun intended) female in front of him, for the first time he took in who

was before him.

It was herâ€¦, that girl who hadâ€¦.touched him.

_Flashback: _

Michael sat there, completely un-moving, hardly breathingâ€¦ as usual, waiting for the guards to come back to escort (shove) him into his room.

_It was almost time now, they should be there any second; then he could escape into the blissful black of his dreams. _

He was numb when he slept â€¦.aloneâ€¦..at home in the emptiness of his mind.

Lately he counted the moments till the guards arrived, becoming more and more eager for the impending dark peace of his imagination.

15, 14, 13, 12,â€¦

Scratch, scratch, stroke, stroke.

Where had that come from?

Scratch, scratch, stroke, stroke.

The odd tone of it played loud in his covered ears; his mask almost creating an echo, the melody lulling him lightly.

10, 9, 8, 7, 6â€¦

Then the voice hit him, sweet and real, it seemed to dance across the walls of his steadily lulling brain.

5, 4, â€¦

_He looked up, black onyx orbs half lidded in a realm of bliss as he took in the image of her. _

'_Wow.' _

It was all he could remember thinking; she seemed to glow as a smile kissed by the angels above graced her gently glossy lips, the sound of her humming could have made the angels weepâ€¦.maybe the drugs they had given him before coming to lunch were making him hallucinate.

All too soon the melody had ceased jolting Michael's senses back into gear full force; just in time to see the girl retracting her hand from his mask, still pointing to a particular part; guessed that that was what she was scratching at.

"_Missed a spot."_

The girl skipped away in her fitted white patients uniformâ€¦..looked like she had played with the fabric to form it to her size.

He watched long after she turned down the hallway, still in shock over what had taken place, it puzzled him; and not much could.

3, 2, 1&|..

He continued to stared after her form as the guards hefted his limp, large muscled frame back to his room where he would continue to ponder those stolen moments.-

End Flashback

Over the last two weeks, he had been plagued with thoughts of this girl, her smile, her glow, but more than anything, it was what she said that had left him bewildered.

'_Missed a spot, what did she mean.'_

His thoughts were politely interrupted as she cleared her throat, telling him about &|well her.

About her likes, dislikes, what little friends she had once had, plenty of stories about playing long hours with her pit-bulls day in and day out, and her never ending addiction to chocolate milk and SpongeBob.

Instead of ringing her neck he found himself honestly listening; not just a little, but to every word that slipped from her naturally tinted lips.

More and more time progressed and the seemingly one sided conversation soon slipped into her family,...which of course led to her telling him about the ungodly reason she was in this hell hole.

A bell sounded alerting everyone that the hospitals 2 hour lunch had come to an end.

Without further ado, she stood up wordlessly with a slight frown intertwined sadly in her endless black onyx depths, muttering small sigh.

"Well it was nice talkin to ya, maybe next time I'll learn something about you&|maybe for instance your name-"

She turned sauntering away; seemingly floating in the wind.

She paused.

"&"Oh shit speakin of names I almost forgot, I'm Skye."

She smiled sweetly before disappearing down a hallway, heading toward some unknown destination.

'_Skye&|Skye&|Skye...it fits&|..Skye.'_

Michael had no way of knowing it, seeing as he had never felt anything akin to sweet toward anyone,&|.excluding his mother who he'd loved dearly.

But never the less Michael had his first crush.

(AN: Just letting everybody know, I DO NOT update over break, after break I'll usually post about five chapters instantly, or â€¦I might run to the library over break and post emâ€¦.depends on how much of a life imma have over break XD, and over break imma need at least **3 reviews** to even think about updating **T-T, ** LOVE YOU ALL BYEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!)

4. Movin In

Ch.4

Movin In

(AN: HEEYY my beautiful party people, well right now I haveâ€¦only one chapter all typed up and ready â€¦.yes I know I'm a lazy little bastardâ€¦but studyin for my history finals was kickin my assâ€¦I just couldn't make myself typeâ€¦. , so after I get 3 reviews to this chapter I'll post the next chapter and so on, now on too business, a super Mega-licious thank you to all who reviewed, followed/favorited this story and or me as a author, the amazingly supportive RKF22, Eternally-Precious, ILiveInTheDark (lol so eccentric), Darkchan001, Cerzylaneum'Callist â€" 11 (SOOOO THANKFUL FOR YOUR REVIEWS, THEY INSPIRED ME TO GET MY LITTLE ASS IN GEAR AND START TYPIN! XD) and my ever stubborn biscuit GachaGachaGirl X'D)

****Disclaimer: I own absolutely shit-â€¦..take mushroomsâ€¦. T-T

****No Ones POV****

****(One week andâ€¦..4 days after Michael gets a crush on Skye)****

Skye was having the best day everâ€¦.weeeelll more like the best week ever, she couldn't even explain it; she just felt amazing.

Everything was just perfect as she lay in her bed, back comfortably against the railing of her headboard, endlessly delved into the fifth chapter of S.E. Hinton's _'The Outsiders'_.

Even though she hadn't been reading it long, she was sure it was her new all time favorite book.

Everything about it screamed '_Move ova Twilight, daddy's home.'_

****(AN: I DO NOT MEAN TO INSULT ANY OF MY FELLOW TWILIGHT FANSâ€¦I still loves me sum twilight.)***

Mark had bought her a copy the book about two days ago and she hadn't been able to put the thing down since, she spent every waking minute she had to herself reading it; even going as far as to keep the copy at her side, hidden somewhere in her clothes at all times.

****(AN: YESSSSSS I actually did this. --_)****

It was hard not to be entranced by the delicate wording and vivid

beauty expressed with the story of Ponyboy; her dreams had been plagued with images of Ponyboy in her own wonderfully adolescent love stories, all ending in a kiss that sent her reeling from her sleep with the intensity.

Though for some reason when her dreams came to that sweet kiss, she wasn't kissing the lightly tinted lips of Ponyboy, but the one blank spot on a certain serial killers mask.

Skye ignored the fact as usual, refusing to have an non-fictional crush, she'd rather stick to her books.

That's why when Mark barged into her room tonight, she nearly cried as she was jogged from her wondrously golden realm of imagination.

"Oh my god, baby cakes this betta be damn important."

His abrupt dark chuckle sent chills tearing down her spine; it was soâ€|not like him.

She peered up in the dim lighting at Marks swaying form, he lookedâ€|..for lack of a better word, wrong.

Eyes glassy, skin flushed, clothes disheveled; an eminent danger stained the air around him.

" What th-"

Her sentence was stopped mid stream by the distinct repulsive stench of vomit and whiskey; a smell she was all too familiar with, she cautiously looked up at his face catching a glimpse of his clouded eyes, an undeniable lust gushed from them toward her.

It was Rodger all over againâ€|..

Her long breathy sigh filled the small space of her room as it escaped her pouty lips and she began trifling through her drawers for her new sewing scissors.

Mark seemed to read her violent little mind; stalking up behind her searching form soundlessly, before grabbing a substantial amount of her hair and brutally yanking back sharply.

"Oww you little pencil dick fucker!"

Her fist came crashing into his lower stomach forcing his grip out of her, quickly turning on him she flowed her hit with a left hook too his jaw.

All her movements flowed with an undeniable grace, and sensuality she had picked up from watching and reading everything on the planet that even dared to mention CatWoman.

"Oh hell no, I'm bout to give you a dirty south ass whoopin!"

Not skipping a beat she slammed her foot into his ribs repeatedly, till she saw a small stream of crimson fluid leak from his lips, she coulda gone longer, but hell her foot hurt ; she turned to the door and made a run for it.

But apparently the broken ribs sobered up his Royal Drunkness, enough that he could reach out to catch her ankle, causing her to slam into the floor jaw first nearly breaking her teeth.

With newly found speed he pinned her arms behind her back at an excruciatingly painful angle and jerked her up to her feet, at the same time dislocating her right shoulder.

Her pain filled cry was silenced by a swift knee to the gut, all but crushing every bone in her small frame in the process.

"YOU FUCKIN BITCH* a knee to the chest*I was gonna fuck your little ass all night, I was gonna make you feel sooooo good-"

He leaned into the side of her face flooding her senses with the rancid tinge that lies in a drunks breathe; memories of his once winter fresh breathe completely gone from the recesses of her psyche.

"- but that ships sailed, now I'm gonna let Mikey have you, I'm sure he'll love poundin the shit out some hot fresh meat like you, _ha maybe he'll let me watch._"

He all but sneered in her ear, lapping the lobe gently as a wave of nausea rose in the pit of her stomach; he burst into a fit of laughter as her struggles rose again with new vigor.

She fought with more determination, there was no way in the hell she was gonna end up like those mindless Michael bobble heads.

Though she soon came to the sad inevitability that she couldn't fight.

Mark having over a good hundred lbs of muscle and about a foot of height on her, plus taking into account her bruised ribs and dislocated shoulder, she would have gotten her ass handed to her on a silver platter with all the trimmings if she kept it up.

"Oh my god I got my ass beat by Jesse McCartney."

His drunk form staggered a bit before slamming his hand across her face and clumsily hefting her over his shoulder, carrying her limp form down the hall.

" Shut the fuck up bitch."

She didn't respond to it just let her open mouth keep rocking closer and closer to the soft skin under his muscled shoulder blade, before long she was able to catch a substantial amount in her teeth and began tearing at the flesh.

His scream rang through the halls of the sanitarium, though dreadfully not stirring a soul awake to come to her aid.

She removed her teeth from his now broken tissue as Mark slipped his hands into her pants; cursing loudly at the pain burning his back.

She gasped at the foreign appendages probing her entrance, shortly

after scrunching her eyes closed as two of the said large appendages, shoved their way inside her painfully tight heat.

Skye could hardly comprehend what was happening, let alone where they were going past the burning sensation burning its way up and along her walls, unconsciously her body naturally clenched and convulsed around the intrusion on instinct.

"Damn keep that up baby and I might have to take you for a go before ol' Mikey."

His fingers slowly withdrew from her, pulling her pants back in place with a slight pop of the elastic.

" Now keep that mouth shut or I'll put it to work."

His tone was serious, completely lacking any drunk delirium.

'_And I'll bite it off bastard.'_

She made no further moves till they made their way down the many intricate hallways turns and passes stopping at a heavy steel door.

There her senses returned to her, she didn't give a flying fuck about him doin that to her, but impending rape was something tootally different then takin a couple fingers, if fingers hurt that much, she ain't wanna think about somebody dick bein there.

'_Oh haha HELL NO! '_

Skye fought and kicked to the best of her power only to still have her ass tossed into the dark room where she would meet her doom.

She wasn't an idiot from what she'd heard about this Michael character, he was a psychopath, meaning in lamer terms a person with little to know regard for right or wrong, pain or suffering, only adhering to their needs and psychotic urges.

And if what Mark had said was true about Michael raping her and what the girls said about him killing his sister was true, then was no way of predicting he would merely stop at raping her.

So as the door closed behind her she wasted no time in gathering her bearings; going on hyper alert, all but completely ignoring the taunts that slipped from the lips she once thought were heavenly toward her.

" Fuck you bastard."

That's all she offered the fading figure of Mark as he closed the peephole, blotting out the only source of light in the corner she had melded herself too, awaiting in a battle stance that pain her more than instilled fear in the stoic being strapped to his bed.

She was left alone in the room of a serial killer, with a serial killer nonetheless , beaten and far to injured to put up any form of a good fight, no way of stopping him from killing her.

'_â€|_..and I didn't even get to finish the damn book! '_

(AN: JUST A REMINDER, 3 REVIEWS AND I UPDATE!

PM ME ABOUT ANY SERIOUS QUESTIONS REGARDING THIS STORY, OR ANY OF MINE!XD ADIOS!)

5. Pet

Ch.4

Pet

(AN: Heeeeeeeeyâ€¦I'm soooooo sorry â€¦I'm a lazy little bastardâ€¦I know :'(

AN-TEE- WAYSâ€¦on to the reviews, follows, favoritesâ€¦extcâ€¦..

Cerzylaneum'Callist-11:_**â€¦.Oh lord, another coco-for cocoa puffs reviewerâ€¦.oh well the more the merrier, andâ€¦.I like bread toâ€¦.toastedâ€¦,I sprinkle it with cinnamon and sugarâ€¦..LIKE A BOSS! ~_~*_

_The Mad Writter: __**Oh you not the only one on the edgeâ€¦.I have no idea where this chapter is going.**_

_GachaGachaGirl: __**Thaaaaannnnnnks you for reviewing, and now since I got my lazy ass up and typed something, you have too as well**__

_Lady Augustin: __**â€¦..shhhhhhhhhH! Don't give away the story fool!**_

_RKF22: __**Thank you I am, and I'm gonna try to update allloooooot sooner.**_

_DarkChan001: __**LOl thank you I am.**_

_camsam17: __**THANK YOU FOR FAVORITING**_

_Sayuri-Yuuko: __**THANK YOU FOR FAVORITING**_

_ashley9021: __** THANKS FOR FOLLOWING**_

_Winchester Like The Rifle: __** THANKS FOR FOLLOWING/FAVORITING**_

_littleHPsauce: __**THANKS FOR FAVORITING**_

_Redangel14: __** THANK YOU FOR FOLLOWING/FAVORITING**_

_Lysaia: __** Thanks you thanks you, I appreciate the props, as usual**__

_UltimateYaoiAddict: __**Thanks for following!**_

No Ones POV

Skye stood her ground in the dimly lit corner; forcing her back flat

against the cool white bricks of the wall, despite the burning pain that radiated throughout her bruising form, she stayed there still; yet aware, hardly breathingâ€¦anticipating what was to come.

She took in a much needed breath, though shaky it calmed her panicked nerves enough that she could take in her new surroundings, and hopefully find some sort of sufficient weapon.

The room was like all the others in this facilityâ€¦well in theory atleast.

She found herself encompassed in sterile white walls, across from her a small chest for clothes laid at the base of an oddly large metal bared bed, the mattress that adorned it was the same pale white of the walls with a matching pair of sheets, topped fondly with a small tattered baby blue blanket.

From the looks of it, it's had a hell of a lot of use.

'â€¦Somebody has mommy issues.'

Continuing her scan of the unfamiliar expanse of room, she stopped at a small desk facing the wall opposite her that caught her eye.

She couldn't explain it, but from the moment she laid eyes on the area of the room thing, it seemed to draw her in, the fact that a serial killer was most likely within arms distance of her didn't seem to register, as she focused into the space.

In a way it felt as if she was reading the Outsiders again, she was taken over by that same mesmerizing interest that came over her when she read, it wasn't long before she lost herself in the euphoric realm of her imagination, only this time realm had a thrillingly realistic twist.

Subconsciously her broken form inched closer to the area, to better take in the small worn little work station, memorizing the intricate chips within the out dated white paint that wasn't covered in excess remnants of paste, newspaper and old paint; all splayed in colors ranging from yellow to black, though as strange as the small work space was, what really caught her attention was the mural to 'cooo-coooo' plastered on the wall behind it.

'â€¦masksâ€¦so many damn masks.'

The entire wall that lies behind the dingy little desk was covered in a wide assortment of masks that would make any museum greener than the Grinch with envy.

Looking at them reminded Skye of her childhood and how she would draw and draw and draw, the walls of her room, the ceiling, â€¦her shoes; would be plastered with images of woman, some naked, some not.

â€¦so she had a small â€¦extreme obsession with pin up girls ever since she saw the movie **'Cool World'**â€¦so sue her.

Eckemmmâ€¦back to the wall.

There were all sorts of masks, round, square, purple; blue. it was beautiful.

' why must all sick fucks be so damn artistic.'

A low grumble emanated from the far left of Skye, along with the sound of a metal headboard clanging against a sterile white wall.

' Dammit all.'

Skye flattened her back against the wall, fists held at ready stance as the heavy thudding of slippers made their way closer and closer to her unstable form.

' Oh fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me shit!'

She needed to get a hold of herself; panic is what psychopaths thrived on right?

Panic made their victims weak; easy prey.

"Ok ok, breathe."

Skye's eyes slid closed, her breathing deepening as the muffled footsteps came to a deafening halt in front of her bruised body.

' Please be tiny, please be tiny, please be tiny PUULEAAAAASE be tiny.'

One onyx eye popped open to take in a very large muscular figure, standing a good foot over her; practically dwarfing her frame.

Closes eye back.

' Ok maybe I ain't pray hard enough, LLOOOORRRDDDD
PLLEEEAASEEE!'

Both dark orbs popped open and still stood the large gargantuan like figure.

"OHHHH HELL NO!"

The large figure cocked his head at the near hysterical girl, finding something oddly familiar about her.

"Look I cain't fight you, I ain't got that kinda stamina no moe, I'm 13, I'm old, so just bag the fuck up before I kick you in yo shin."

Her threat fell on deaf adolescent ears as the figure took a step forward, looking the girl up and down trying his best to place her features, a hard task for someone of his stature.

Leaning down closer to the girls face, her features became more and more familiar in his memory; Skye was having a similar moment as a familiar white speck became visible upon a midnight blue mask.

"â€¦.itsâ€¦you."

Michael's usual still; stoic face contorted harshly in surprise.

'_It's her, that girl.'_

He blinked his eyes in disbelief, what in the hell was she doing in _his_ room.

Realization hit him like a ton of bricks; was she like the other girls that bitch Mark brought up here, the ones that only wanted â€¦.**sex.**

His eyes narrowed in disdain, darting to the face of said female; she was no better than the other girls, just a dirty filthy slu-

Michael thoughts were cut short as the girl before him, emitted a strangled whimper from her throat before collapsing to her knees, pain surging through her struggling body; practically radiating from it.

"M-michael?"

The figures eyes locked with Skye's, wordlessly acknowledging her usage of his name, it sounded so wonderful coming from her lips, even as her lungs contracted quickly to allow air to pass through them; causing his name to sound airy, lighter than life as she breathed the syllables.

"Mark attacked me, I can't believe I trusted that little prick, he threw me in here to get raped and killed by a psychopath, * dry giggle* guess he didn't count on me and the psychopath being pals."

She peered up at said emotionally conflicted teen with hopeful eyes.

Michael pondered the idea, he did enjoy talking to her (Weeeeellll her talking, him listening), she was interesting, and for some reason he found himself drawn to her in a way, he wanted to keep hearing her and seeing thatâ€¦mind boggling smile.

More than once over these past few weeks he found himself thinking of the girl, she couldn't more than a lyr or 2 younger than him, the rest of the girls in the building were older; some well over 18, she was different than the others, she didn't want him for â€¦.sexâ€¦.

After about 5 minutes of awkward silence, Michael finally answered her questioning stare with a curt nod, and proceeded to lift the injured female into his arms.

He figured it wouldn't be so bad having her hereâ€¦.even if it was only for alil while till her wounds healed up.

Michael had always been curious and loved pets, he'd do his best to take care of her like he did them, he wouldn't get mad and kill her â€¦..like . (Michael had a pet rat named this in Rob Zombies version of Halloween, hope yall appreciate my research).

He peered down at the girl in his arms, finding she fit quite cozy within his arms.

'_She's softer than .' _

Walking calmly Michael dropped her onto his bed, somewhat missing her heat, and retired to his desk while she passed out from exhaustion at the contact with the hard pillows of his bed.

A small snore reverberated from Michaels left; he glanced over to see the girl curling against one of his pillows, face beautifully and sinfully peaceful as her mouth lay slightly agape.

' _she's kinda _pretty.' _

Another snore emanated from her parted lips and he felt the beginnings of a smile pull at his lips.

'_I'll take good care of you pet.' _

(AN: JUST A REMINDER, 3 REVIEWS AND I UPDATE! And ya see, I don't view Michael as all bad, as a little boy, though sociopathic, he still had innocence and intelligence. And even though he enjoyed administering some pain, like when he sliced up Mr. Nevels, he took care of him first_ .so Michael does have somewhat of a good side_.*Shifty eyes*_OH come on, yall gotta give my OC something to fall in love with so she doesn't sound like she got Stockholm's syndrome T-T)

6. Face Painting

Ch.5

Face painting

(AN: IM SOOOOO SORRY BUT I CANT DO MY USUAL THANK YOUS AND STUFF THIS CHAPTER! :'(And I'm doubly sorry about the long wait, I was having inspiration issues_..and laziness issues)

**This chapter is also dedicated to my newly born nieces and nephew; Emma, Beylene and Marcus jr.* passes out dreaming of his very .very _extremely drop dead gorgeous uncle Marcus_.again_ for the fifth time today_**_

**P.S. Hannah I MISS YOU !***

Michaels POV

(Three days later)

She's almost healed now, finally. I hate seeing her like that, in so much pain_ .writhing all over the bed_..almost like Judith.

mental dark chuckle

Though this is different, oddly enough...she's quite beautiful when she cries in pain.

Never the less I wanted my old girl back, the bold girl that had approached me in the cafeteria that morning with a skip in her step, and a care free gleam in her eyes.

I wanted the one that entrusted her life to me backâ€¦my pet.

It seems lately more and more; that girl is coming back to the forefront of her mind.

I couldn't help the small grin that lined my lips.

' _She's doing so much better now, she's even moving around lately, she's soâ€¦pretty actuallyâ€¦much different than Mr. Nevels, she won't bite like he did tooâ€¦..I hope.' _

Quickly shaking the strange thought from my mind I focused back on the mask I was painting.

'_Prettyâ€¦damn these strange feelings and thoughtsâ€¦.they seem to be growing lately.' _

â€¦Anyways as well as she was doing physically she seemed bored, depressingly so to be exact.

I don't know why, we talk every day.

' _More like she talk; I listen.' _

Hmmmmmm maybe that was it, she wanted a response.

'â€¦_do I even have that capability anymore?' _

You tend to wonder about these things when you've been silent since you were six and the only words you cared about were ice cream and cake.

'_Well in my case ice cream and mutilation.' _

Thechuckle that emanated from me startled me and.. hurt as it shook bones I thought weren't made to shake any longer inside my chest.

'_Oh god please make her ignore it, please make her ignore it, please make her ignore it.' _

Against my hopeful desires my outburst did not go unnoticed.

Stirring my pet from her determined staring contest she was having with a certain clown themed mask on my mask wall (AN: I know not a very creative nameâ€¦.butâ€¦..to quote the only clown I love dearly in this world_ ' It's all about presentation Batsy!' _in other words it don't need no damn artistic name ~_~) _it wasa favorite of mine, but apparently she didn't share my same enthusiasm at my little clown, if I remember correctly she described bluntly as being _**'That things more scary than a pmsin Tiffany from Childs Play.'**_

Another chuckle emanated from my chest.

'_Ow.' _

"Holy shitake€|he can laugh."

A thousand watt smile lit her face as she launched from my bed onto my desk, lying leisurely across my art supply's forcing my attention on her.

"Come on Mikey you're smart you know good and well I need some form of communication to stay sane in this hell hole, and no me talking and you listening doesn't count."

She had a point.

And how could I resist those big bright puppy dog eyes.

'_This woman is making me soft.' _

In one quick motion I swiped my desk clean sending my pet sailing onto the ground with a resounding plop as she landed on her back and booty.

"Owww you big bastard."

I ignored her little outburst.

'_We'll work on discipline later.' _

Searching through my drawers I pulled out a worn piece of paper and roughly scrolled out to the best of my ability in purple crayon

'**Can't talk, right and spel litle.**'

I knew I was spelling things wrong, though as is already known I came here when was six, they didn't exactly have a top notch Harvard grammar school in the psych ward.

I handed her the note and to my surprise my..my hand was shaking.

Would she laugh at me, could she read it? If she couldn't understand my writing (It was straight up chicken scratch type shit) how could I communicate with her, I can't talk, I hope I don't disappoint her.

As she took it from my hand, albeit with some difficulty from my vice like grip, the biggest smile lit her face.

Her expression then turned frantic startling me for a second as she searched desperately for something, eventually finding small chip of red crayon; scrolled quickly in lovely letters.

'**You write lovely Michael.**'

I couldn't restrain the heat that built beneath the surface of my skin, no doubt staining my face the shade of the mask currently adorning my face.

Just as suddenly warmth spread across my chest making it almost unbearably tight, though pleasantly.

But followed soon by a slight â€¦emptiness at the absence of her voice.

Before I knew it I had stolen the paper from her grasp and scrolled quickly.

'**You no need 2 right, I lik voice better.**'

A small giggle came from her as a steadily brightening blush erupted across her cheeks, though I couldn't be sure she tilted her head from my vision before I could.

From what I saw though, it was beautiful.

"Now that's not really fair now is it Mikey, you've heard my voice, but I have no idea what yours sounds like."

Skyes eyes peered up hopefully at me; the psychopathic young serial killer.

I scrolled again.

'**Sleep now, is late Sky.' **'

The angry pout that came to her lips was just so damn adorable, so adorableâ€¦ it made my pants tighten.

" My names not Sky, it S-k-y-e with an E, when I turn powder puff fuckin blue, then you can call me Sky."

I scanned over my desk reaching for my light blue tinted paint quickly and splashed a generous amount over her face and scrolled again.

'**Goodnight Sky.**'

7. SOOOOOORRRRRRRYYYYY

HEEEY I'm sorry but I have some bad news, I'm going to be losing my school assigned netbook today and I'm afraid I don't know when the next time I can update will be, but I will definitely be fighting my hardest for the computers at the library to update over the summer.

Juss to answer any stray questions:

No my stories are not being discontinued.

They will be update periodically.

And if u have any questions or worries, you are welcome to pm me or leave a review

Oh and I'm thinking of starting a new story with Emmett (from twilight) and an OC, lemme know what you think

8. Party time

Ch.8

(AN: Heeey y'all I know I haven't updated in a while, I'm sorry feel free to rant in your reviews)

No Ones POV

3 weeks later

Michael and Skye steadily began to grow closer over there time at Smith Groves.

In fact recently Skye came to the realization, that she loves the big ass lug of childhood trauma with a mild hint of psychosis; of what way she loved him she was unsure.

â€|.well so far it seems that apparently she loves him enough to knead threw every last inch of the must ridden ink smudged newspaper she could get her hands on in search of just one tiny piece of information.

*****12 paper cuts and plethora of loud swearing later*****

"FINALLY!"

Skye's sudden outburst roused the attention of the silent killer working peacefully at his desk; he wasn't expecting the sudden bought of sound from the girl, she had been quietly searching away through his unkempt collection of news articles for last few hours or so.

Now that he had taken more intent interest in his female pet, he was curious as to what the young fireball was up too, but found it best too wait patiently and later pluck whatever she had been searching so diligently for from her paper battered palms, the angry red flush across her cheeks had become a rather interesting source of entertainment for him as of lately and the indignant huffing would be icing on the cake for the deadly teen(He's only fifteen, why not get your kicks outta pissin off the girl you like XD)

Skye on the other hand was completely unaware of the teenage boy evil scheming behind her as she gazed down at the hard won parchment, Michael could practically see the mischievous little wheels that rivaled his own turning in her head.

It made him wonder what exactly she had found and what she was planning to do with that information.

Standing silently Michael calmly approached the figure with the stealth of a cat, he took her hunched form as she balanced on the haunches of her feet; giggling with terrifying glee.

His hand came in contact with her shoulder in a firm grip prepared for her to try and shield her find.

What Michael was not prepared for was to see the sweet girl he had

met in the cafeteria whirl on him hissing.

Almost as suddenly as she whirled on him she scurried under the bed murmuring something about _' the preciousâ€|.the precioussss!'. _

She had itâ€|.she finally had it, the information she wanted so desperately **' Michael Myers date of birth: October 19, 1957
'.**

"Hehehehee party time"

Sorry for any mistakes and how short it is

Love you all leave a review

9. Birthday

Ch.

Birthday

(AN: Hey everyone, I've decide to keep writing on and work on my book on the side , well that's enough with the that lets just get back to the story # ANNNNNNDDDD ACTION!)

Michaels POV

It's getting harder to keep her hidden, a secret to all those except me. That little piss ant Mark and his idiot henchmen had been keeping her in my room and away from the other nurses for weeks now. Somehow they'd, managed to switch shifts with all my usual nurses.

They leave me unrestrained nightly, assuming I'm raping her. Though I would never do such a vile thing. Skye is one of the best things that have ever happened to me. My only reprieve in this hell hole.

From the day I first encountered her I knew she was different. She has never treated as any of the other girls here do, she is truly my friend.

'_Just like Mr. Nevels â€|.but different.' _

I'd been pondering over just what that difference was over the past few days but the answer always eluded me when Skye caught my attention with her usual strange fun antics.

Gazing quietly at her I shook my head.

Whatever that difference may be it doesn't matter, all I know is she mine. She will always be mine.

'_Forever.' _

The sound of the door latching closed tilted Michaels attention up as Mark and his dumbass henchmen came trolling in.

No Ones Pov

Michaels hand clenched his pencil in a vice like grip. As Mark

strutted across the room, snatching up an arm and hauling Michael out of his chair. Admittedly an impressive feat considering Michael was just about the same size as Mark; standing 6'0 compared to Marks' 6'2.

"Time for lunch big guy."

Looking over at Skye a disgusting leer came across his face, he spoke with patronizing sweetness.

"Skye, looking beautiful as ever I see."

Michael quietly peered over to the girl curled up on his bed with a devious smile on her face, threading her fingers manically as those evil little wheels twisted in her head, she was in her own little world in her mind..

'_What's she thinking?_'

Glancing up from her musings Skye stared bored at the idiot; as she so passionately claims; the Austin Mahone wannabe.

"Suck it and choke on it fucker."

Smiling brighter Mark spoke silkily

"I love it when you talk dirty."

Michael fists clenched harder as a wave of anger washed through him the resounding crack of the pencil ringing quietly across the room.

'_I really have to kill that fucker.'_'

Leaving the room with Mark and his henchman Michael felt the strange sensation that he was being watchedâ€| more than usual that is. He turned back to see none other than his pet staring after him, catching her gaze he watched curiously as a blush erupted across her face and she looked away.

'_I wonder what's up with her.'_'

Skye's POV

The Austin Mahone wannabe returned shortly after taking Michael to the cafeteria, Mark brought me back a small tray of macaroni. I wasn't hungry though, I was too anxious wanting to get everything ready for Michael. After a few more bitter words were exchanged Mark left.

"Ok now where to start...hmmm?"

*****1hour
later*****

No Ones POV

Wiping a slight sheen of sweat from her head, Skye looked over her work proudly.

"Perfect."

The once bland walls of the room were decorated with Michaels paints, dozens of intricate festive patterns and swirls adorned each wall, the bed was made and she even cleaned up his arts and crafts desk setting some of his favorite masks out on display.

"Not bad for an hour."

Glancing down, she sighed, smiling softly at her paint stained hands with joy.

"I hope he likes it."

Michael entered into to his room later alone, guard having just let him in unchained.

Staring absently at his unchained wrists Michael wondered just how many guards knew and were in on the rape he was supposedly inflicting upon the girl he now shares a room with.

Hearing a nervous shuffle of feet from his fellow teenager Michael looked up.

All other thoughts Michael was having were promptly cut short as the door to his room shut and he took in the scene before him.

His room was covered in dazzling blues and purples with splashes of red here and there, the once plain white walls of his room were now a beautiful assortment of colors. His favorite masks lay on display on his now neat desk and in the center of it all was her.

Uniform pulled tighter around her frame than usual, elegant yet sexy slits up her blue hospital pants ventured up to the unknown, then her voice sung.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY TALL, DARK AND IRRITATING!"

'_Lord.'_

"As you know I've been doing a little snooping and welllll I came across a newspaper, and low and behold it had your birthday on it and today's the day, I wanted to do something special for my adorable sociopath roommate."

The smile lighting her face froze Michael as he stood in awe of everything she'd done for him.

'_I can't believe she did all of this for me.'_

With a slight bounce in her footing Skye slid up to his large form and wrapped her arms around him in a warm hug.

"Come on, it's your birthday we can do anything you want, how bout we make masks together on the bed again, I'll even let you paint my face blue willingly this time."

The soft laugh that emanated from her purred softly against Michaels chest and gasped as Michaels arms hesitantly came around her, hands resting on her lower back returning the embrace.

"Awwww Michael this is the first time you've ever hugged me."

The brightest smile he'd ever seen lit her face as she leaned back from the embrace.

"Come on lets get started."

*****5 hours of Skyes' non-stop laughter and twin sets of paint splattered clothes later*****

No One's POV

The laughter slowly quieted down in the room as it crept into the later hours of the night and Skyes head rested comfortably on Michaels chest.

As the silence drew on she peered up into the eyes of the psychopath she was supposed to be scared of but all she saw was her friendâ€|an admittedly cute friend with piercing dark orbs.

She shook away her 13 year old hormones and quickly focused back on what she wanted to ask him.

"Why are you nice to me?"

Michaels brow furrowed as he gazed back at his pet not sure how to answer.

The bed creaked as his large form raised from its place propped against the wall causing Skye to sit up from her spot on his lap, their noses almost touching as Skye stared into his eyes.

She couldn't help it as her mouth seemed to dry as she took him in Michael was cute, and had incredible muscle definition for a 15 year old. Dark eyes and a gorgeous face, strong jaw coming in hinting of the handsome man he would grow into.

Feeling the air around them thicken Michaels eyes were drawn to her full lips as she caught her bottom lip kneading it softly between her teeth.

CLICK.

Just like that the Michael that she'd been staying with clicked away, the raw ravenous psychopath with raw power that lay beneath the surface came forward. She soon found herself pressed against the wall trapped by Michaels large form, muscles straining against the fabric of his clothes.

Slightly coming down from her shock Skye looked past the mass of dark thick waves of hair into his eyes, that emotion she hadn't been able to place in the past suddenly seemed so obvious â€|desire.

Any other thoughts she may have been about to fathom were wiped away as a pair of soft yet firm lips claimed her own in clumsy but sure kiss.

Skye pulled away from the kiss slowly, opening her eyes in a dazed state.

'_My first kissâ€|'_

Her moment was short lived as those same lips fell upon hers again surer this time. Demanding.

Those lips crushed against hers harder, his grip around her wrists holding them above her head tightening.

Her protests all but silenced by the lips sealing hers.

"M-mâ€|Michael â€|stop."

Those words fell on long deaf ears though as Skyes shirt was torn down her front, black bra exposed to his wild eyes.

Her hiccupped scream was again silenced by firm lips.

Michael had lost himself in her lips, he yearned for her, every strange feeling he had been feeling towards her became clear and the force of them overwhelmed him he lost control.

Her eyes widened as she found herself hoisted onto strong hips, obvious need hard and pressing against her urgently. The soft moan forced from her lips as his length pressed against her clit spurring him on as his hands ventured down and tore at her pantsâ€|

"Michael I said STOP."

Finally managing to get her hand free Skye collided it with Michaels face, the resounding ring of the slap almost haunting as he froze.

â€|from that point there a different ravenous Michael came to the surface, thoughts and memories of how Judith would slap him, the dirty thoughts this girl in his arms invokes from him.

He lost it.

The next thing Skye knew was she was pulled from the wall she was pressed to and slammed back against it once more, the wall connecting with her head as stars filled her vision.

****Bang.****

Another slam filled the quiet space of the room as she found herself flung across the room, her ribs cracking as her body collided with the wall across the room. She sunk slowly to the floor as blood oozed from her mouth and she struggled to sit up. The next movement from Michael was so quick she couldn't comprehend what was happening until a scream ripped from her body she hardly recognized as her own and she looked done to find a pencil embedded into her stomach.

Michael was panting, heaving as he held the pencil within her. He was still lost, mind only now slowly clearing, until the sound of a weak voice barely above a whisper seemed to fill his ears, snapping the remaining fog away.

"Michaelâ€|"

Michael stood rigid, finally seeing what he'd done.

'_No â€|.'_'

Sirens sounded throughout the building as a nurse rushed into the room throwing herself over Skye as Michael staggered towards Skye.

"No no, stay away from her; pleaseâ€|please don't hurt her."

Michael was shaking.

'_How could I have done thisâ€|I-I didn't mean to...Skye.'_'

Michael tried to move toward her again and but now was met with guards pulling and dragging him away from the room.

He fought they were barely restraining him as they forced him from the room and the door was shut. The last glimpse he saw of the room was of Skye lying on the ground a silent Michael coming from her lips as his vision faded, and he was sedated by a nurse.

The next day Michael came back to his room and found his companion gone.

Day after dayâ€|.year after year, he waited and schemed and plotted.

He would make things right, get them back to how they used to be.

Soon he'd get his baby sister back Laurie. And he will get his pet backâ€|Skye.

'_My Skye.'_'

(AN: READ AND REVIEW MY LOVES,
LOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOVEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
YOOOOOOOOOOOOUU!)

10. As we Grow

Ch.

As we grow

(AN:Its been awhile I know... lets just get started.)

9 long years later Skye now 22, MIchael now 24

No ones POV

It's time. It has been 9 years since the institute mandated solitary confinement began, they kept Michael restraint to a bed in a lone dark room weighed down in thick leaden chains. The only noise audible in said room the faint ticks of a Thorazine drip. Its funny how often most thought Michael to be stupid, imbecile in deranged psychopathy. The ideas quite laughable. Michael is an incredibly intelligent

ticking time bomb. No he may not be 100% dictionary intelligent, but he was the most dangerous kind of intelligent. The kind of beast baser intelligent that comes from pure instinct in addition to some book smart intelligence.

Over the years he had taken advantage of the in institute library during the cafeteria hours. And learned much. He was able to clear up some of the posing questions and confusion in both his past and present state of living. _'Hell I even thought my roommate was my pet once...'_

'Skye.'

She may not have been his pet, but by all means she was special to him, in what way he was still not sure.

But those remain to be thoughts for later.

Now as the doors locks click out of place to his room Michael lays tense in waiting. He's stronger now, firm 6'3 and despite the lack of physical recreation, a muscular tone came natural to him. Stature combined with his new found intellect, he knew he would succeed.

At 10:00pm nurse Lisa Stan came into the Myers room to change his Thorazine bag and complete her round. Though unknown to her Michael wasn't the usual blissed out, immobily drugged as was always assumed. A soft confused stare crossed her face as she noticed two considerable holes in the bag hooked up dripping out onto the floor. Before she could move towards the door, the spork used to create said holes was lodged into her lung.

One short hour and 4 security bodies later, out walked Michael Myers into a world unknown.

No Ones POV

(Elsewhere in Illinois 3 months later)

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLEASE WELCOME TO THE STAGE SKYEEE
ELYSIA!**

Now elsewhere over these last 9 years, our dearest skye has made quite the little name for herself around Illinois as a singer, singing at a local bar in Haddonfield every night. The gig pays the bills on her small home and she loves the hip wild feel of the place.

She still remembers some about Michael, immediately after her recovery she felt a horrid sense of loss after being torn away from him. When she finally started making some money she looked for Michael tried endlessly to find the institution he'd been moved too, she spent nights on end following any lead for years... Over the past 2 years though, even though she kept up some searching she made peace with his absence in her life. She was moving to California in a couple months, trying to follow her career and maybe meet a nice guy for once, not like any of the douches she'd had to deal with.

Besides as of late seems like more people are turning up dead around Haddonfield, it wasn't much of a good idea for her to be out late

like this anymore, for work or not.

Little did she know though the cause of those murders was at the moment paused outside a vacant window of the bar she inhabited, stunned still as a voice he had forgotten filled his ears and memories once more.

The lights in the club dimmed to a warm glow as Skyes hips swayed up to the stage to deliver the last song of the night. She had decided as she ascended the stairs, what the hell why not do something a little sexy, it is one of her last nights performing.

Her hand slinked up her body when she reached center stage, flowing its way to her flower hair clip only to pop it out and let her long curls fall as the deep beat of the song thrummed through out the floor and her soft lips parted to let her sultry tone dance across the room while the crowd pulled their partners close.

Colombian drugs, but she's straight from Decatur

Thought you were Colombian, are we turning up?

Or are we wasting time, boy please don't waste my time.

Baby, I don't just wanna chill, with you

Ohhhh

Oh, I wanna turn up on, I wanna turn you on, I wanna lay with you

See imma do what it do

Ohhh, when we fuckin I be catchin chills

I'm kissin on ya, I want you to feel.

Can you feel it baby, can you feel it baby...

The lights on the stage dimmed to an almost black, signaling the end of the little sexy snippet. The clubs patrons clapped and applauded the show, gripping their partners closer. Skye herself slipped into her coat and out the back door of the club heading home before the club wide grope session began, she wasn't in the mood for a random makeout.

" Well, I think Max owes me alil bonus in my check for that performance."

She hummed quietly to herself as she continued her walk home.

But something was just...strange. Small tremmers went up her spine as she turned down the darkened street leading to her small home. And as she listened closely she heard the slight echo of feet that weren't hers.

Irritated at the ominous lure in the air she whipped around in her heels letting her red halter dress flow in the slight breeze, but no one stood there.

"Look whom ever is out there choosing to be a creepy fuck, understand Imma crack these 8 inch heels against ya skull if you keep fuckin with me."

She continued on her way clicking her heels purposely, until a small piece of paper floating in the breeze caught her attention she reached out to catch the fleeting piece and brought it close to her in inspection only to be shocked still. On it scribed in far too familiar writing.

'_Still like you better with paint on your face, Sky blue.'_

The note slipped from her now trembling hand and she whipped around to be met eye to chest with an immense form of pure muscle in a mechanics jumpsuit and a pale white mask, but as her eyes gazed up what held her attention was the black orbs staring down at her of ..Michael Myers.

****BAM!****

The sound of her fist colliding with the side of his masked face rang out in the darkness.

" Thats for putting me in the hospital 9 years ago."

A silent pause spanned between them for unknown minutes and they just stared at each other taking each other in. Skye grown up a beautiful 22, skin still a glowing caramel, hair now past her shoulders and curves incredibly defined. Michael face hidden but body so tall and strong muscles working against the fabric of his clothes. They both indeed took notice of each others, but more than that a peace fell over them a kind of peace and happiness that comes from being reunited with a true friend.

Skye flung herself at Michael arms around his neck, legs around his waist crushing him to her in a tight embrace.

" I missed youâ€¦|..dickhead."

Hesitantly Michaels hands met around her waist cradling her still short 5'4 frame to him.

'_...Pet.'_

(YESSSS I know I suck for taking so long to get this up X(but I've been busy and having just so much emotional stuff goin on. I'm so sorry. Please review and let me know what yall think of the chapter.

If anyone wants to listen to the song Skye sang just search up on youtube Jacques- Persian Rugs)

End
file.